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From The Argus of March 24, 1920—

"The Argus heretofore will be conducted as an independent newspaper, unimpaired by partisan ties, free and ready to state its honest convictions in the interest of the common welfare."

Encroaching on Executive Power.

President Wilson is perfectly justified in using the veto to check the intrusion of congress into purely executive fields, as he did in sending back the bill making appropriations for legislative, executive and judicial purposes. It was proposed in the bill to prohibit issuing of mimeographed or other duplicated press matter by any department of the government without the approval of the joint congressional committee on printing. The argument in favor of the change was that there had been abuse of the privilege during and since the war, which probably was true. Practices justified and even necessary during the war were continued too long, and undoubtedly credit often was given where none was deserved. Transferring control of the means of publicity to congress, however, would be merely taking it out of the hands of one group of politicians and putting it in the hands of another, which certainly would serve no useful ends, especially when the change would tend to still further divide responsibility and complicate red tape.

The country demands efficiency in government but it doesn't think much more of the way business is commonly done in legislative circles than of the system followed in the executive departments. Mixing the two, like cross-breeding domestic animals, would tend to perpetuate the bad features and eliminate the good points of both. To be thorough, reform should be carried through all branches.

Butte's Example.

The city of Butte, Mont., furnishes an object lesson for the entire country. Nowhere is the effect of persistent agitation better exemplified. A state of chronic industrial warfare exists and the influences which ordinarily tend automatically to restore checks and balances apparently have ceased to operate.

Practically the entire population is lined up in opposing hostile camps, one consisting of the property owners and employers, and the other of those who work for wages. Each freely accuses the other of everything, from minor misdemeanors to arson and murder, and neither takes the trouble to find out the truth. There have been so many miscarriages of justice that the courts are discredited. Honesty and fairness are conceded to no one either in or out of office. No mutual ground for reaching an understanding remains. Every corrective force is aborted at the very start. Industries that are operating at all do so on only part time and labor is employed irregularly

and delivers always minimum service for maximum pay. Suspicion, hate and open hostility prevail everywhere. People are leaving the place in large numbers, convinced that the situation is hopeless. There's nothing cheap in Butte but talk. The paradise of professional agitators seems to have been attained.

Many are convinced that the country at large is heading rapidly for a condition similar to that in the Montana metropolis. They point out that what is happening in many of the large centers closely resembles the earlier stages of the Butte trouble. Strike following strike in rapid succession interrupting manufacturing and commerce, keeping the people in a constant state of uncertainty, causing capital to be wary because of the risks involved, steadily spreading unrest on the part of workers and growing doubt on the part of those who invest and employ, radicalism and reaction pulling and tugging against each other instead of working in the same direction for a common purpose—these are things that cannot go on indefinitely without undermining production and bringing the country to the verge of want. On top of that such influences inevitably spread into every phase of human relationship, weaken confidence between man and man and mitigate against government, the school, the church, the home the very foundations of ordered existence.

There are plenty of warnings along the path we are following. Europe is full of them, but there are those who refuse to believe that a country with such advantages and such intelligence as America boasts can ever be brought to such a state. For people afflicted with blindness of this sort the case of Butte should be illuminating. The worst has happened there and what took place in that city may be repeated anywhere in America.

Trial of German war offenders was one of the big points the allies held out for, but for some strange reason there has not been any great rush of newspaper correspondents to Leipzig where the first batch of defendants are being arraigned, nor are the cables seriously burdened with dispatches dealing with developments there. After all the wrangling and stern insistence upon justice for authors of the Belgian and French outrages somebody may be slapped on the wrist, and again somebody may not.

Morning newspapers of Thursday carried dispatches saying that at a meeting Wednesday night in Pittsburgh an immediate strike of 3,000 engine men on eastern railroads was voted. The walkout, however, failed to take place and it developed that the newspapers had been made use of to further an outlaw effort to cause a stampede. No trick that promises to serve their ends is too devious or too mean to be resorted to by those who are trying to throw this country into a state of anarchy.

People who are wondering how the next generation is to be fed may find comfort in the announcement by the department of agriculture that young bamboo sprouts are a great table delicacy and that most of the southern states are admirably adapted to growing them. Housewives may as well lay in a few sets of wood carving tools to supplement the dining table equipment.

The Socialist convention had another comparatively lucid interval when it refrained from adopting a declaration intended as an affront to every Christian. Victor Berger opposed it as a matter of political expediency, which was high ground for him to take, and showed that the two bumps he got when congress pitched him out must have appealed, at least faintly, to his understanding.

Colonel Ryan, just back from a surreptitious trip to Russia, says the country must have outside aid at once "or there will be chaos." Most people had been under the impression that chaos was about the only plentiful commodity in the land of Lenin.

Patriotic Americans thrilled with pride when they learned that a chap with such an unhyphenated monicker as Johnny Wilson had won the middleweight crown—and now they learn that his real name is Giovanni Panica!



HERE LIES MAN'S ANCIENT ENEMY, DULL CARE, WHO DISINTERS THE UNLOVED CUSS, BEWARE!

BEFORE AND AFTER.
When we get up in the morning
We are feeling full of pep;
Walk to work—the street cars scorning—
With a gay, elastic step.
Start our daily grind, never dreaming
Anything will go amiss;
Till our phiz a smile is beaming
And our mouth curved like this

When we start to use our chisel
'Tis this gleaming Granite Shaft
We don't feel we'll make a fizzle
As we carve it fore and aft.
But before the job's completed
We're a trifle shy on nerve;
Things we say can't be repeated
While our mouth takes on this curve.

When at night we drag our weary
Form toward our domicile,
Then an effort to be cheery
Is beyond our feeble will;
Then we long for the seclusion
Of a kennel or a coop;
Life's a snare and a delusion—
Takes our mouth on this droop.

"AM I my brother's keeper?" is the question General Pershing believes the world must soon answer in the affirmative. The profiteers have beat him to it; they're already keeping their brothers—keeping them cleaned.

Don't Believe Him, Girls; He Stammers in Denial.

(From the Chicago Tribune).
"All wrong," contradicted Senator Ibañez, "that entire interview was a misrepresentation. I never said I never said I didn't like American women or didn't approve of them. My tastes are very broad. I like all women."

THE Associated Press leaves nothing to Webster. "In his testimony," it says, speaking of Sen. Daniels, "he reiterated over and over again 'Two would have been interesting to hold a stop-watch on the sec. during this reiteration."

WILL OUR TIGHERS, DO YOU THINK, WIN THE PENNANT?

(From the Monmouth Atlas).
Mrs. E. J. McCullum visited her husband at Watertown from Friday until Monday. We understand he is much improved.

LOST—ONE ALACK TRAVELING BAG.

lost on P. & B. trail, between Tremont and Bloomington. Return 521 Fulton st., Peoria, Ill., and receive reward.—Peoria Journal.

"Alack the day!"

"I ASKED a fire plug painter in Davenport," communicates M. C. F., "why, under a Socialist regime, the color of said plugs was changed from red to green. Seize, I guess green's the right color for 'em. Socialists are purty green." "Why d'ya think they're green?" sez. "Guess I oughta know, sez. 'I'm one of 'em.'"

We are sure there are a considerable number of persons perusing this Obelisk of Omniscience with more or less regularity who doubtless feel within them many a good wheeze struggling for liberty. But an envelope and stamp not being at once available the promising wheeze is permitted to die in captivity. We supply the nifty little carrier below purely from humane considerations in the hope it will save many a little wheeze for posterity.

Stamp
R. E. M'G.,
The Argus,
Rock Island, Ill.

"RAZOR ENABLES GEN. CARRANZA TO CUT ESCAPE"—Argus.

PSHAW! We thought it was his whiskers.
R. E. M'G.

HEALTH TALKS

BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.
NOTED PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR

Urethane Hygiene—1.

The Deep Breathing Fallacy.
One of the favorite vagaries of the non-medical systems of health-building is deep breathing. It sounds plausible, and is therefore "common sense."

If you take an animal and insert a tube in the windpipe, connect the tube with a bellows, and inflate the lungs more deeply than the natural depth of breathing and at the same or a slightly faster rate than that of the animal's natural breathing, for a few minutes, you will find that when the artificial exaggeration of breathing is stopped the animal does not breathe at all for a certain period, and when the breathing does begin again it is feeble, shallow in character, only regaining the natural depth and rate after a considerable period.

Now when a human being sets out to improve his health after the rules and regulations laid down by visionary "authorities" whose knowledge of physiology is sketchy, he performs this same experiment on himself, with a similar result, save that there is a slight difference in the application of the test. The human being exerts his own muscles in his deep breathing, and that exertion is, in a measure, exercise. The exercise necessarily burns up some fuel, which calls for oxygen. Therefore the human being experimenting with deep breathing merely breathes in a more shallow manner without a very distinct interval of no breathing after his deep breathing effort.

The experiment teaches that exercise is the means of increasing the absorption of oxygen in the body, and not deep breathing per se. It is nonsensical to attempt to increase the oxygenation of the blood and tissues by consciously trying to breathe deeper. It does not produce the desired effect in practice, however attractive the theory may seem in the literature of the get-well-without-medicine advice prophets.

Let the breathing alone. It is a mechanism perfectly equipped to take care of itself. Let general exercise create the call for deep breathing, and leave the breathing to answer the call as nature wills. By taking a dozen rather slow, deep breaths, but not too deep, in each minute for two minutes, you will find that you can then easily hold your breath from 80 to 90 or more seconds, whereas ordinarily a healthy individual can hold his breath for about forty seconds by the watch. This proves that the deeper breathing, without excessive muscular effort to use up the extra oxygen, does for a brief period super-saturate the blood with oxygen, so much so that you feel quite comfortable without any more oxygen for perhaps as long as two minutes. But this oxygen saturation is in the blood; it does not harm there. In order to get it into the tissues, where it can be utilized by the cells of the body, you must do something else, and the surest method of accomplishing the purpose is active general exercise.

Forget all about the breathing—but don't forget to put in your regular daily stend of exercise.

Questions and Answers.
German Cause Disease.—How can it be demonstrated that germs are the cause of disease instead of the effect of disease? (F. E. C.)
Answer.—A culture of the germs (that is, a number of the germs growing in a suitable medium such as serum or broth or agar-agar) is injected into an animal or a man whose arteries had been cut, and the disease, only a half-baked, self-sufficient, near-healer of some freak so-called "school," any longer doubts that germs cause disease, and he does his doubting where it will bring him the most business.

Correction of Tapeworm Item.—Communication from a U. S. government mail inspector of the bureau of animal industry, Chicago, are you sure tapeworms are caused by eating raw pork or pork not well done? Why charge tapeworm up to the poor hog when Cysticercus bovis is not found in him? I thought cattle were the guilty hosts. (J. H.)
Answer.—(They are—thank you for the correction.)

What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL
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PANSY.
Demure little Pansy is named after the modest flower, but there is charming sentiment connected with her christening. Pansy means "thought," since it was so-called from the French phrase, "thought." The flower is a species of violet, as its velvety purple petals are mute witness, but it is frequently called heartsease and is supposed to have cardiac qualities.

The lucky possessor of the name of Pansy may be called by many other names. "None-so-pretty" is an English interpretation, which later became "Nancy-pretty." "Love in idleness" and "kiss me at the garden gate" are other titles for the modest little flower which is the namesake of many a pretty American Miss.

The vogue for flower names, which originated in the ultra-romantic area of literature, bids fair to be immortal. Though Rose and Violet and Lily had their origin in a dim but gloriously sentimental lady who bore the name and it must be assumed (regrettably, it is true) that the flower-named women are not "the stuff that heroines are made of."

Pansy's talismanic jewel is the beryl. It will bring her great good fortune, according to ancient legend, and will secure for her true love and constancy. Sunday is Pansy's lucky day and 3 her lucky number.

Heart & Home Problems

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a young man 19 years of age and have never been out with a girl. It is not because I didn't want to go, but because no one seems to care to go with me. I have a good reputation and am fairly good-looking.

If you know how to do it, please tell me. LONESOME AND DISCOURAGED. You must remember that it is the man's place to do the asking. A girl should not even show her interest in him unless she is asked. You will not have to make many mistakes before you find some one who wants to go with you.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 19 years old. I am good looking and also a good girl. I am happy because I try hard to make others the same. I am well liked and have many good friends, and among the male sex.

I have been keeping steady company for about four months and like my friend very well and he says he loves me. The folks all like him very well, but sometimes I feel that he is not just the right man for me. Still I love him very much and would not think of giving him up.

I am asking your advice. A HAPPY GIRL. At the age of 19 you ought not to be thinking of marriage. Further than this I hesitate to advise since your life is working out with so much satisfaction.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Can one live a Christian life if either the man or wife has been married before and after a divorce has married again? A READER. The Catholics and a few other creeds do not accept divorce. Legally, however, divorce makes it all right for the husband or wife to marry again. Most people believe that after a divorce a second marriage is all right.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Every spring I get brown and have freckles. What will whiten my skin? FRECKLES. A teaspoonful of the tincture of benzoin to an ounce of rosewater forms a well known lotion, which is excellent for whitening the skin. Do not go into the sun without wearing a hat to shade your face. It is impossible to keep away tan and freckles if the face is exposed.

Argus Information Bureau

(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic J. Hawkins, Director, Washington, D. C. Give full name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief! All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. Who said "These are the times that try men's souls"? M. E. T.
A. This expression was used by Tom Paine, and appeared in the first of a series of pamphlets which he wrote and published under the caption "The Crisis."
Q. Who was known as "the tall sycamore of the Wabash"? J. L.
A. This was a nickname given to the late Senator Daniel Voorhees of Indiana.
Q. Who wrote the "Anatomy of Melancholy"? H. F.
A. This was written by Robert Burton (1577-1640) an ecclesiastic, a recluse, an ascetic. After 30 years of reading and study it is said that he wrote it to amuse and relieve himself of a vast store of ideas, musical, medical, poetical, mathematical, and philosophical, every page garnished with Latin, Greek or French from rare and unknown authors. It is

Five Minutes a Day With Our Presidents

BY JAMES MORGAN

Blowing on the Embers of War.



Mrs. Eliza McArdle Johnson.

1865—April 15, Vice President Andrew Johnson took the oath as 17th president, aged 56.

1866—April, congress overrode his veto of the civil rights bill.

August—September, his "swing around the circle."

November, Republican victory in congressional elections.

A loud rapping on his hotel door in Washington awakened the sleeping vice president to the startling news that the president had been mortally shot. "By the gods! there will be no trouble now in running the government!" exclaimed Senator Wade of Ohio, as he grasped the hand of the new president.

Meanwhile, as the southern people saw this "poor white" of the south enthroned over them, they sank to a still lower level of despair than they had fallen when their armies surrendered. When Davis heard of the monstrous charge that he had conspired with Booth, he made the bitter retort that there was at least one man who knew it was not true: "Johnston knows that I would have preferred Lincoln to him."

Power quickly cooled the vindictive passions kindled in Johnson by his long bitter feud with the southern leaders, and he returned to Lincoln's policy of reconciliation. Wisely, no one was punished for treason. Happily, vengeance for a great war was wreaked on any individual.

The radicals, who had secretly rejoiced in Johnson's accession, turned upon him furiously. It was easy for them to excite the doubt of the north in this southerner, and to estrange the Republicans from this Democrat.

For the first time even the sobriety of a president was called into question. Johnson's unfortunate condition at his inauguration as president had shocked Charles Sumner into starting a whispered discussion of his enforced resignation. When he became president his intemperance in speech led color to exaggerated reports of his intemperance in drink.

It is an unanswerable question in history whether even Lincoln could have mastered the rising opposition to him in congress and restored the union on the plan which he had adopted. That plan had small chance of success in Johnson's hands, with his lack of Lincoln's good-humored tact, modesty, forbearance and hold on the public confidence.

For two years before Lincoln died the radical leaders had been insisting that congress, not the president, should fix the terms of peace for the southern states. They had angrily denounced him as a despot, an autocrat and a usurper, because of his policy of reconstruction. And congress had persistently refused to admit the senators and representatives from the states which he had reconstructed on his liberal plan.

There were patriotic men who honestly shrank from entrusting the liberty and welfare of the millions of freed slaves to the rule of their old masters. There also were calculating politicians who were troubled only by the thought that if the southern states should have white governments, the votes of those states in congress and the electoral college would imperil the Republican party.

The conflict between Lincoln and congress was forced to an issue on the last day of the session in 1864, when congress adopted a reconstruction plan of its own, under which it was to be the final judge of the state governments in the south. But the president defeated the bill by a "pocket veto," that is, he took no action on it before adjournment, which left it lifeless.

With the ending of the war, Lincoln was hoping to complete the work of reconstruction before congress met again and could renew its interference with him. Instead, the assassin intervened, and when Johnson attempted to carry out the same policy, with the approval of Lincoln's cabinet, congress broke into open revolt. He appealed to the people to stand by him, but his "swing around the circle," as he described his tour of the east and middle west in 1865, destroyed the last shred of his influence in the north.

Face to face with hostile, jeering crowds, Johnson cast aside presidential dignity and let loose the fiery passions of the Tennessee mountaineer. General Grant, who accompanied him, had to step forth to quiet a riotous crowd in Lincoln's own town of Springfield. The general recalled the disturbers to a sense of propriety simply by waving his hand toward the target of their hootings and saying, "The president of the United States is in the presence of a still wilder mob at Indianapolis. Grant felt it prudent to order the president to retreat. For he had been greeted by a storm of bullets, but which were probably fired in the air.

Apart from the Republican politicians and a mere faction of extremists, the north was in favor of Lincoln's moderate policies. But when it became a question between Johnson and the radicals, the radicals won overwhelmingly in the congressional election of 1866. With a two-thirds majority in the new house and senate, the Republicans overrode the president's vetoes, and congress took command of the government. The reconstructed states were organized. The south was divided into military provinces. The hand of the freedmen, notwithstanding it was still denied the negro in all but six states of the north. At the same time a large class of southern whites was disqualified for disloyalty in the war, which left serious states to pass under the "carpet baggers" and southern "scalawags." The freedmen were overawed by the ignorant black vote and who held it by force of federal bayonets.

As northern "fire eaters" pressed to the front, on one side of the Mason and Dixon line, southern "fire eaters" took the lead on the other side. By night the Ku Klux Klan rode over their cable horses in a campaign of terrorism to frighten the blacks from using the ballot and from presuming to set themselves above "Old Massa." And the "bloody shirt" began to wave from the political stump in the north.

Party and sectional politics, north and south, still was the marplot of the union. As it had fostered disunion before, it was now doing its worst to prevent reunion, now that the war was over.

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Today's Events

Independence day in Paraguay. New Brunswick observes today as Arbor day.

The Philadelphia Record reaches its 76th anniversary today, having first appeared May 14, 1870.

The first annual reunion of the Ohio Rainbow division veterans is to be held at Columbus today and tomorrow.

What is generally anticipated will be the most important conference yet held by the League of Nations opens at Rome today.

A conference was called for Washington, D. C., today to complete the organization of the Federation of All War Societies.

Governor Smith of New York holds a public hearing at Albany today on the anti-legislation and now awaiting executive action.

Need for college trained highway and highways transportation engineers and other technically trained men in the automotive industries will be considered at a conference meeting in Washington today in response to a call from Commissioner of Education Claxton.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

AS OTHERS SEE US.

By Hazel M. Robinson.

(Copyright, 1920, by Wheeler Syndicate.)

As Elsie Heath entered the Wilcroft tea room a spirit of peace and quiet seemed to surround her. Here, after a long, tiresome day, was peace for the weary mind and sore heart. No raucous blare of jazz jarred tired nerves, no loud laughter pierced the stillness. Even the serving was so quiet, hardly a dish was heard to rattle.

Elsie Heath had got into the habit of coming to this place for her evening meal just for the peace with which it filled her. It seemed a breathing space between the work-rushed day and the disturbing, thought-filled night.

As she waited for her order to be brought, she was conscious of a familiar voice, coming apparently over the low partition between the booth she occupied and the next. It seemed incredible, yet that surely was Richard's voice. Yes, his companion spoke his name. Wondering, she began to eat the food placed before her, paying no attention to the conversation, until her own name was spoken.

"If it wasn't for Miss Heath, I'd like immensely," said the girl.

"What's the matter with her, Miriam?" asked the man.

Why, surely that was Miriam Brown, the new girl she had hired two weeks ago. As if in a trance, she sat and waited for the next word.

"She's worse than blue Monday. Goes pussy-footing around the place, looking as though she had lost her last friend. Her eyes are sad. Never a smile or joke from her. Cross, if the least little thing goes wrong. The place has

changed a lot in the last year, the girls all say."

Elsie continued eating mechanically, until her food was gone, then she deliberately set herself to eavesdropping.

"Plenty of talking and laughing in those days, but plenty of work done, too. Seemed like a jolly family of sisters, from all they say. Now, the girls are delighted when the 4:30 closing hour comes and they can get outside to do their talking and laughing. They are so sorry for her, but still are just a bit afraid of her, but she pays well, so they all stay. Wish I had been there when times were jolly, for it's a nightmare for me to keep still all day. Let's talk of something pleasant for a change. Did you get the tickets for tonight?"

Elsie seemed dazed, as one awakening from a trance. Mechanically she picked up her wraps, paid her bill and started homeward. Once in her room, the healing tears began to flow, and memory recalled the whole story.

Elsie Heath had opened an office as public stenographer five years ago. Her location was good and her careful attention to work soon brought her more than she could do alone. The business had grown until she now employed four girls, while she tended to only receiving the patrons and doing the book-keeping.

Richard Ferris had been among her first patrons. They became more than good friends, yet no closer ties were made before he left to serve his country. Just before he had left to come home, he wrote declaring his love for her. For days and weeks after mailing her reply, she sang at her work. Her laugh was never so ready, her

jokes so many or witty, nor the place so gay.

Two months, then three, went by, and no word came from him. She read of his return in the papers. Each day she looked for him every time the door opened; looked for him in the crowded streets; each time the phone rang her heart thumped painfully, only to settle back disappointed, each night she looked in vain for some message from him.

Then had begun the change Miriam had spoken of. All the girl had said was true, but, man-like, would he realize he was the cause of it?

Elsie finally sat up, looked about her, and thought what a blessed thing it is to "see oneself" as others see us. A card stuck in one corner of her mirror flashed out "Never too late to mend," and its twin from the other corner sent the message "Better late than never."

She got up, pulled her hair into place, bathed her flushed face and whisked a bit of powder over it and made a resolve. No man on earth was worth so many hot, bitter tears. Then, too, she had made her dear girls suffer in her bitterness. It was "up to her," and she'd play fair from now on.

She spent the rest of the evening searching the latest papers and magazines for new jokes.

Next morning she startled the girls by arriving one-half hour late, greeting them with an unusually cheery good morning, and then springing a joke on each of them. She noticed their puzzled, yet pleased glances as she passed into her small office, and for the rest of the morning jolliness filled every inch of the little room.

The girls were all busy on hurry orders, so Elsie slipped on a record

and started the dictaphone, used only for such emergencies, as Elsie did not like to use it. The door quietly opened and she looked up into the smiling eyes of Richard Ferris.

No one knew just what happened under the next morning. Miriam, looking for more work, took a dictaphone record and heard this:

"One hundred copies circular for Jones & Smith to be ready tomorrow morning, as follows—'Dick'—'Elsie, girl, oh! my girl. And I never saw till last night just how selfish I have been. As soon as I received your wonderful letter, dear, I was impatient to come to you, but luck was against me. That old wound began to bother again, and after I got this—"

"Oh, Dick!"
"Sure, but it's almost as good as the other, jointed and everything, and I always was right handed, you know. Well, after I got this, I couldn't just bear to let you go, your pity, but it took my kid cousin to show me my mistake. Can I ever make up the hurt these months have brought you? I'll spend the rest of my life trying. Can you forgive me? Oh, you blessed!"

Miriam sighed.
"Girls, before I destroy this record, do just come and hear the most rapturous kiss!"

ONE YEAR AGO

Poles and Ukrainians, through American influence, agreed to cease fighting.

Dutch government denied report that it had decided to surrender the former Kaiser.